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Hollins Columns (1942 Mar 13)

Hollins College

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Hollins Columns



VOLUME XIV

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HOLLINS COLLEGE, VIRGINIA, MARCH 13, 1942

FRESHMAN ISSUE

NUMBER 10

Music Department Not Superstitious, Has Recital Today

On Friday, March 13, the Music Department is braving superstition by giving a student recital in the Chapel at 5:00 P. M. Somehow, word has leaked out that this is to be no ordinary recital, but a red-hot jam session.

The main number on the program is a boogie-woogie rendition of Mozart's "Sonata in D." The three movements will be played by that master of the ivories, Hazel "8-to-the-bar" Bridgman. Another kitten on the keys, Betty Chinn, is giving forth with Chopin's "Polonaise in A flat Major, opus 53." Chinn up, Betty!

The audience is invited to participate in the program by getting up and performing any Swedish dance they know while Nancy Elder vocals "When I was Seventeen," a Swedish Folk Song. Nancy will also honor her listeners with "Little Gray Dove" by Saar. Another vocalist is Keith Smith who really gets in the groove with "Maria's Slumber Song" by Reger, and "Nymphs and Shepherds" by Purcell. Julie Cooper, known as the "Jennie Lind of 1942," is swinging out with "My Lovely Celia" by Monro, and Grieg's "Solvejg's Song."

Several of Bach's pieces are being played. Rosamond Thompson will beat out the "Gavotte in G Major," and one and all are invited to shag in the aisles. Mary Jane Hess will close the recital by singing "Wilt Thou Not Give Thy Heart?" and "Be Thou With Me." Her blues style is guaranteed to satisfy.

No one should miss this golden opportunity to hear the Hollins students' rendition of the subtle shadings and mutations of the three B's—barrel-house, boogie-woogie, and the blues.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK

Sunday, March 15

2:00 P. M.

Gallery Gab . . . by A. Poindexter Shaffer Y. Room

7:30 P. M.

Dr. John C. Shroeder
Professor of Homiletics (What?)
That Divine Yale School . . Chapel

Monday, March 16

7:00 P. M.

Grapple with Chapel Chapel

Tuesday, March 17

5:30 P. M.

Lenten Service . . . Reverend McConnell Chapel

7:00 P. M.

Stugovmeetin'

Weentsy Playhouse

Wednesday, March 18

7:00 P. M.

Miss T Lepahc

Thursday, March 19

7:00 P. M.

Sonata Program (Non-com)
K. K. Coxe—piano plunker
Yehudi Talmadge—and his fiddle
Little Grey House in the West

Friday, March 20

Taculty Fea Harbee Bouse

7:00 P. M.

Chapel (or to put it another way)
Mr. Roberson . . . You Know Where

8:00 P. M.

Senior Pyana Recital
Gwendolyn the
Mendlesohn L. T.

Monday, March 23

10:00 P. M.

Clare Tree Major Players
"Po, Li'l Rich Gal"
Auspicious Auditorium

Mohicans Win Game March 9

With tomahawks in hand and with voices united in piercing war-whoops, the Mohican and Yemasee tribes invaded the gym last Saturday afternoon to give battle. The battleground was fully prepared for the momentous event. The steadfast adherents of the Yemasees, or the Red Team, had draped and decorated every available inch of space; the dauntless disciples of the Mohicans, alias the Blue Team, had done the same on the opposite side.

As the warriors proudly marched onto the field of action, the faithful gave vent to their enthusiasm. After the many powwows had been satisfactorily completed, the two teams took their places on the basket-ball court. From the beginning, they battled furiously. In the first quarter, the Blues forged to the front, but when the second quarter rolled around the Reds reloaded their quivers and pushed their way up almost to a tie. The members of the tribes by this time were in a state of frenzy. Their cries ranged from strange eerie chants to high raucous shrieks—a custom employed exclusively by these two tribes.

Between the halves, the two teams were rested restlessly under the watchful eye of Heap-Big-Chief Keep-Em-Fit Chevraux. One brave warrior was forced to succumb to the well-known miracles of the witch doctor.

Before you could say Pocahontas the rivals were back on the court; the pitch of battle was rising to even greater heights. The guards on both sides were intercepting miraculously. They heaved the coveted missile to their forwards who gracefully zipped it through the net; the tempo grew faster and faster, the crowd grew weaker and hoarser. The Mohicans were ahead again, but the Yemasees were not to be discouraged. Again they applied the pressure, but the Mohicans were not to be denied this time. They clung to their lead as the mob, which was now hanging over the railing, counted the remaining seconds of play.

There she goes! Like tiptoeing fawns, the crowd galloped down onto the floor, congratulating each and everyone of the braves. The last bellicose deed was to raise on high the standard of the Mohicans. The fight was over, and everyone was busily puffing on the peace pipe.

Many a wistful glance was directed towards the recent battleground, as the faithful cast aside their feathers, once more to resume their everyday activities. Many moons will pass before these tribes again will forsake their peaceful occupations to defend their heritage.

Prof. Bob Shaffer Gives Gallery Talk

In connection with the exhibition, "Housing: Recent Developments in Europe and America", Mr. Shaffer, assisted by Miss Jackson, will give a gallery talk on Sunday, March 15, at two o'clock! The exhibition, which will feature future housing in respect to low-cost, air, light, and recreational facilities, will be shown in the Y. W. C. A. room from March 17 until March 23!

The faculty will hold a round-table discussion on problems of modern housing! Mr. Shaffer will talk on the architectural problems in connection with housing! He intends to illustrate that even in low-cost public projects housing can be good architecture! Miss Jackson will discuss the economic and social sides of the problem!! Other members of the faculty will be asked to give their opinion! The discussion will last about an hour!!

Representatives Meet to Discuss Physical Fitness

In the very near future there will be a meeting concerning Hollins' Physical Fitness Plan for defense. The purpose of the meeting itself is to exchange ideas and to draw up a useful program. In addition to Miss Chevraux and Miss Browning, the committee will consist of two girls from the Junior Class, two from the Senior Class and two representatives from each gym class. The president of the Athletic Association will be an *ex officio* member.

The committee's plan will be in accordance with the four-point program of the Physical Fitness Committee of Civilian Defense. This provides that: (1) The programs of Physical Education are to be broadened and intensified; (2) The programs are to be placed on a five-day-a-week basis for four years, will be a requirement for all students and can be approached in part by voluntary participation and student leadership; (3) Complete services of medical examinations are to be extended to all students, and follow-up work, including the correction of remediable defects, will be made part of the program; (4) Life Saving, Personal and Social Hygiene, and Recreational Leadership are to be given. The four-point program was also endorsed by the College Physical Education Association in Detroit, by the Association for College Presidents in Baltimore, and by the Eastern Association of Directors of Physical Education for College Women.

To make available to the Junior and Senior classes of Hollins the wide and varied sports program of the college, various activities have been planned; badminton, archery, golf, horseshoes, tennis, bowling at Davidson's Corner, baseball, swimming, ring tennis, ping pong, volley ball, riding, cabin trips, Life Saving and Recreational Leadership classes are all provided for. The schedule of the activities will be posted—Miss Chevraux extends a hearty invitation to the Juniors and Seniors especially. The equipment in the gym is free to be used seven days a week. Informal tournaments have been scheduled throughout the spring to make the program more interesting.

Since great emphasis has been placed on physical fitness, it is believed that this program is one very definite way that Hollins may share in the wide defense plan that is being put into effect throughout the country.

WITH ALL APOLOGIES TO EDGAR ALLEN

'Twas a night when wind was blowing,
And the snow was gently snowing,
That we gathered all together to elect our
ed-i-tor.

And because a fuse had broken,
We sat quiet with words unspoken,
Till the dark at last was broken
When Anne entered through the door.

* * *

In her hand a light was shining,
And we all looked to our priming,
Knowing that if we were chosen, we would
gladly do the chore.

Hoping not to be neglected
Wondering who'd be elected,
Elected as our ed-i-tor
Only this and nothing more.

* * *

Then we knew we'd been rejected
For B. Martin was elected,
But she said that to assist her we should
choose another four.

Of these four myself was chosen
So I'm sitting here composin'
Trying not to be a bore
Hissing softly "NEVER MORE."

Inside Dope on Bob L. Goodale Tells All, But All, We Mean!



Several days ago I was privileged to hold a singular interview with the Hollins Man of Mystery, Mr. Robert ("Shorty") Goodale. I feel that I should tell all you music majors that he never has stage fright and *never* forgets his music (unless he leaves it at home). I asked him how the baby enjoys Poppa's piano pounding.

"So far the baby's been spared," he said, "as we haven't a piano at the house. But some day soon I'm going to bring her down to the chapel and let her hear the old man play."

His greatest claim to fame is having begun the wedding march, to the horror of the bride's mother, in the middle of the ceremony. As he ended his premier salvo, he heard the minister intone these words, "I now pronounce you man and wife!"

In explanation of the trumpeted finale to a hymn the other night, he told me this tale. It seems Robert was *finally* graduating from music school. To celebrate the event, the dean was giving a brawl. There were paper hats, tin horns, snappers, and diplomas with verses for the happy, happy graduates. And this is what our hero read in his.

*A grinder of organs at Yale
Was prompt on the job without fail.
But—he pulled the wrong stop,
The music went flop.
We have now a repentant Goodale!
So, now we know, don't we?*

Orchasis Dancers Plan Convocation

Has anyone noticed those odd, briefly-clad creatures flitting around the stage in the Little Theater lately, or Miss Browning sitting on the back of one of the seats beating on a tom-tom? Well, don't get excited, it's just Orchasis practicing for their recital on the 26th.

Yep, Orchasis is taking over convocation the night before spring vacation, and they've really got some snappy numbers cooked up. They'll show us some of their technique, which consists of footwork and other exercises arranged in dance patterns, including a study in circular line. Two dances which were composed last year will be presented. They are "Dirge," a composition influenced by funeral dances, and "Optimists and Pessimists," an amusing study in contrast. In addition, the pre-classic forms of set court dances of the 17th century will be freely interpreted in Gavotte and Passepied. From Maeterlinck's play, "Pelleas and Melisande," not to be confused with Debussy's opera of the same name, Miss Browning has composed four short sketches, based on the moods—not the plot—of the play. These are entitled "The Maidservants," "Melisande," "Pelleas and Melisande," and "Golaud and Melisande." A special feature of the program will be a Centennial Suite, consisting of two short pantomimic pieces and one or two dances. One of these is a contrast between the sedate movements of Hollins girls of 1842 and the freely expanded movements of 1942.

The Gavotte and Passepied will be accompanied by recorded music, while some other numbers will have a percussion accompaniment. The rest will be accompanied by piano music composed and played by the Tschakowsky of Hollins College, our own Mrs. Talmadge.

It's sure to be good entertainment, so don't miss this exposition of the work of the members of Orchasis. You can laugh if you want to, but it's really hard work. If you don't believe it, join Junior Orchasis and see what really goes into the Dance!

VacationCanceled; Blues on Campus

What's this I hear about spring vacation? . . . Oh, it's just an ugly rumor! . . . No, it's true! Haven't you heard? . . . Why, it couldn't be! I was talking to Miss Maddrey just the other day and . . . Well, how did you find out? . . . Me? Oh, I overheard Mr. Lerche talking. It's absolutely a crime! !

Yes, the inevitable has happened! We saw it coming. But we knew we couldn't escape it. It certainly is sad. No spring vacation! ! Ah, the nights we were going to sit (?) in the moonlight—such romantic dreams! Well, girls, it's all over. No more counting up the days—oh, dear, and those crossed-off days on my calendar did look so wonderful! We might as well get used to the idea. Oh, come, come, cheer up! After all, it *could* be worse. Yes, but how?

Does any one know why this dreadful disaster has befallen the peace-loving girls of Hollins College? The real truth has finally come out . . . It was a fifth columnist on our own passive campus . . . the dog! It was a dog, in fact. Kippy the Kur attacked the ticket agent who came out the other day, and sent him off in a huff (I mean, a hearse). So far, the agency in Roanoke has not been able to send out any volunteers. And, unless drastic measures are taken to draft a new ticket agent . . . Hollins College is minus one spring vacation.

Clare Tree Major Players to Be Here Monday Week

On Monday, March 23, you are going to have the opportunity that comes but once in a life time . . . to see how the "other half" lives! Here's how: the Clare Tree Major Players are bringing the story, *The Poor Little Rich Girl*, to the stage in the Hollins Little Theater. This play is one of a number that Mrs. Clare Tree Major has rewritten from childhood stories and fairy tales. To date she has given three this year, *Penrod*, *Sleeping Beauty*, and *Toby Tyler*. These plays are sponsored by the Roanoke chapter of the A. U. W. for the school children of Roanoke and Botetourt counties.

Don't forget! I'll meet you at the Little Theater at 10:00 on Monday, March 23.

Hollins Columns

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by a staff composed entirely of students

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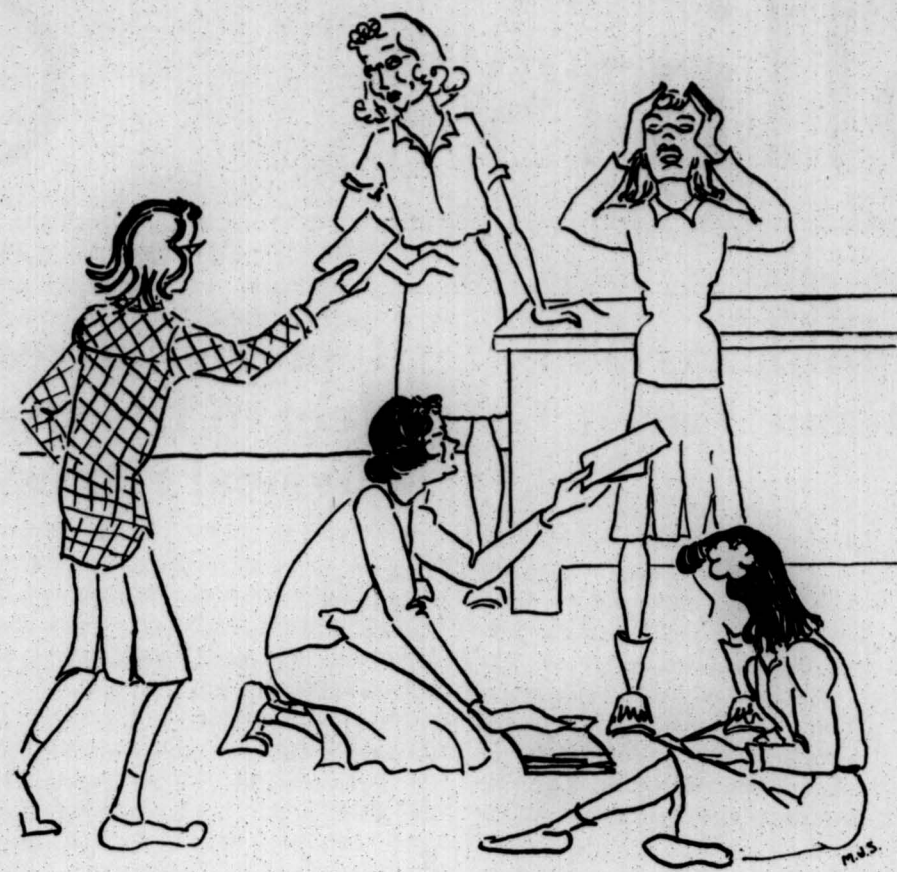
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GIVE US TIME

It may be the freshman's lot, or it may be just my luck. It doesn't have to be Friday, the thirteenth. But everything always seems to go wrong. Yesterday, for example, was an average day for me. In the first place, the alarm clock didn't go off. I woke up abruptly to the noise of that mad dash down the stairs which means that it's eight o'clock. After slinging cold water in my face, jumping into some clothes, and snatching up my books, I skidded into class at 8:12. Amid piercing stares, I crept to my seat only to realize that my homework paper, on which I had spent fifteen minutes over the allotted two hours, must have fallen from my book somewhere en route.

With that for a starter my luck didn't change. Walking across campus to a very important conference with my professor, I had to go through a snowball battle. By the time I got to his office, my hair was drooping and the rest of me thoroughly damp. That made a big impression! At lunch, I walked into the dining-room in front of a teacher and in trying to get out of her way, stepped on the seal; got cold looks from all around. Again, in gym class, I ran true to form. My would-be dive suddenly turned into a back-breaking flop, not only disabling me, but splashing gallons of water on teacher and assistant (who happened to be fully clothed). Later, in the library, while I was admiring Mr. Cocke's picture, three books and an encyclopedia fell down the steps with me. More cold stares! Oh, but that's not all. Because of the clock that I had forgotten to set while rushing to finish my composition that night, I suddenly realized that quiet had descended on West Building. The clock must have been striking "eleven" a few minutes ago. My light was the only one on!

Exaggerated? Well, maybe, but it could happen here. You see, all of us freshmen try so hard to do the right thing and make good impressions on you upper classmen and faculty, but it all seems to go wrong. We really want you to know that it's not because we haven't got the Hollins spirit, or because we don't care. It's just that we haven't gotten in our stride yet—we can't work together quite as smoothly as you do. But we are learning every day; and the time will come when the Class of '45 will take the lead—when we won't be such "Fresh Men!"



"A-BOUT THE ED-I-TORS"

(With apologies to McGuffey and his illustrious reader)

These are the Fresh-man ed-i-tors.

Poor ed-i-tors.

Do not they look tired?

Do not they looked ha-rassed?

Pat each one on her head.

It will com-fort her. (may-be)

See? They are work-ing hard.

One is pull-ing her hair out.

One is fidd-ling aim-less-ly.

One is mak-ing a sad pun.

One thinks she is Na-po-le-on.

On-ly the ed-i-tor-in-chief is calm.

See the calm ed-i-tor-in-chief?

Some-day you may be an ed-i-tor.

Would you like to be an ed-i-tor?

No, you would not like to be an ed-i-tor.

You would not like to pull your hair out, would you?

You would not like to fid-dle aim-less-ly, would you?

You would not like to make a sad pun, would you?

You would not like to think you were Na-po-le-on, would you?

May-be not, kid, but it's a hell-uv-a lot of fun!

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

DEAR EDITOR:

Last issue you published a letter of complaint about the Sunday night suppers in the dining room. At the time it was felt that the complaint was a little harsh, since the correspondent had only one incident to refer to, namely, the potato chips episode. At any rate, the kitchen has thoroughly redeemed itself; Sunday night suppers have compared quite favorably with all the other meals. We know that, regardless of the difficulty of large-scale meal planning, Hollins' food excels that of most other colleges.

Therefore, let it be known that the complaint is formally withdrawn.

THE STUDENT BODY IN GENERAL

OVER THE SEAL OR WATCH YOUR STEP

There's such a thing as studying too much. Conclusive evidence is the case of Mary Jane Peacock of Latin fame. On seeing "OUT" painted on the other side of a glass door, Mary Jane turned to her roommate, Dodi, and said, "What is 'TUO' doing on the door?"

Imagine Martha Boyd's consternation, when, relaxing *chez elle* one Sunday morning, she reached out to click off a sermon on the radio, and a booming voice interrupted the action, saying, "Stop! Don't turn this off! It's just what people like you should listen to!" Poor Martha was so scared she listened to the whole program.

Is Jaffin's face poiple! After our J. J. J. had finally decided between a jelly or a tunafish sandwich, imagine her reaction when she received a tunafish and—you guessed it—a JELLY combination! Gruesome twosome, ain't it?

Ask Aubineau and Bachman about the intelligent conversation they had with the deaf woman in the movie—unrequited, wasn't it, girls?

How Miss Chevrax bears the bright freshmen in individual gym, we'll never know. Sarah Milner, that third floor brain, when asked to demonstrate the exercise for marked shoulder displacement, promptly sat down, removed her shoe, and, in a counter-clockwise rotation—presented the TOE-GRIPPING exercise!

We hear that J. Simpson turned to her roommate, J. Smith, the other night and said, "Well, so they call you Cnccentration Camp Earheart, huh? Haw, haw!"

Zernel Zollicoffer got an awful shock the other night when Bunny and Launa came climbing in the window way after twelve Saturday night. Poor Zolly was in tears about the consequent necessity of reporting her roommate until the trick was explained. No late date—just an attempt to get Zolly away from her books for a shocking 15 minutes.

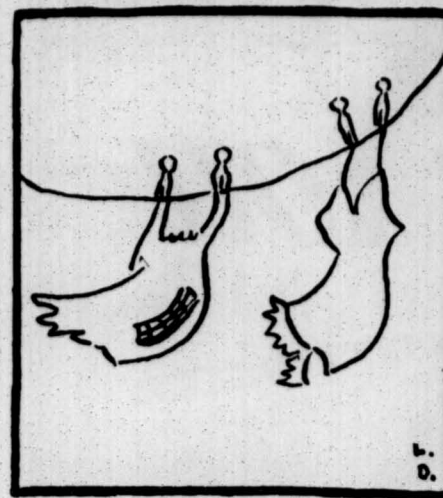
Freshman, sitting down on a broken seat in chapel: "This seat isn't all it's cracked up to be!"

We received a jolt at the T-House last Friday when a member of our august faculty lurched up to the counter and said, "Give me a bottle, Dope!"

Alice Sue's spirits (?) were considerably dampened when she slid off Tar Boy and sat neatly in a puddle on Cemetery Hill! Well, it wasn't really Tar Boy's fault, Susie!

We wonder if it could be the altitude that affects Zucky that way. It all started the other day when she said, "Go to the T-House with supper for me, huh?" It happened again later on in the evening—"Oh, gee, we missed Information tonight Please!" Really, Zucky!

SLIPPING



Among our Hollins colleagues, the following glamor girls: Mary Jane Hess, Elizabeth Chewning, Jane Senter, Marian Grey Courtney, Jeanie Afflick, Nancy Washington, Jane Henderson, Ruth Den-nett, Gwen Hubbard, Anne Hutcheson, Rinky McCurdy, Ann Bennett, Jean Downs, Kitty Anderson, Helen Anne Symons, Betty Dorcheid, Henri Carter, Leacy Tucker, Jean Meyers, Honey Puschel, Edie Hobson, Cynthia Derry, Janet Diehl, Anne Folkes, Vickie Vaughan, Amy Redfield, Carolyn Gale, Rosemary Morse, Paula White, Peg Harris, Annie Laurie Rankin, Bettie Sprunt, Shucks Wilson, Louise Buse, Patty Rentsler, Anne Jacobs, Evelyn Anderson, Sis Wade, Lucy Gray Hill, Nancy Elder, Mary Nolde, Nancy Black-burn, Ruth McCoy, Marjorie Pay Under-hill, Elizabeth Hendricks, Nancy Couper, Nika Thomas, Bliss Street, Diana Harri-son, Dotty Hudson, Mary Taylor, Jane Cutting, Chink Taylor, Peg Trusler, Eliza-beth Senger, Anne Biggs, Margaret Crosby, Barbara Hudnutt, Dabs Lan-caster, Lucy Sasser, Bunny Rohner, Biz Toepleman, Flossie Crockett, Catherine Gray, Mary Locke Rickenbacker, Jean-nette Sibley, Edna Mae Woolf, Muffy Sicard, Pat Wadsworth, Virginia Martin, Molly Weeks, Jack Gravelly, Mary Welchel, Frances Campbell, Patsy Ryland, Florence Milyko, Harriet McCaw, Lush Buchanan, Ann Judson, Dot Wilson, Mary Frances Smith, Anne Hall, Suzie Johnston, Jean Fisher, Libba Pierce, Val Kuntz, Jane Arnold, Helen Taulman, Janet Simpson, June Smith, Carrie Peters, Golly Zollicoffer, Hop Hopkins, Ann Whit-man, Merille Hewitt, Jane June Jaffin, Nancy Cox, Mickey Payne, Judy Barrow, Patsy Boyd, Dot Shah, Kay Sanford, Jean Aubineau, Pughie Pugh, Susan Baker, and Ann Baker remained on campus this week-end.

Air Raids Prove "Hair-Raising"

I was in the library studying when it happened, and since that handsome Warden Goodale had appointed me big chief in West I returned "immediately to place of residence." By the time I plowed through the "calm" mob that was looking for the air raid shelter, I was a wreck, and NOT at all anxious to do all the work I had to do before the all-clear sounded. Golly, but I was thankful to find that Lush, up to her old tricks, had given the freshmen her usual all-out (lights) warn-ing. Silence reigned throughout the build-ing until Piji Dorcheid's and Dodi's voices poured forth in unison, "Grand slam!" Of course there was no smoking, but the third floor had a strange glow near the center, so we decided that Val would have to do without her peroxide for the duration. Kitsy stopped yelling "Steve" when Lefty and Tex started trying to persuade Miss Moore that their room was clean. Jack was a big help, too. She kept herself busy shuffling to and fro (in her yellow socks) to keep down Cham-bliss' eternal squeaking . . . but faint "Sa-rah's" just couldn't be stifled. "Stubby's" grandmother and Jaffin had a terrible fight over "Snookie Jane" (ask Shands about it), because they couldn't make their minds who should save her from the German bombs. Mary Locke was the last to shuffle in. Poor girl had lost her shoe, dammit to ha-yel, so McCon-nell t-o-l-d h-e-r t-h-a-t s-h-e s-h-o-u-l-d b-e m-o-r-e p-r-o-m-p-t. Well, after that 11:00 came and Shucks and Buzie warned us that air raid or no air raid it was time for all good freshmen to be in bed. Never-theless we had been made to see that we on land should be protected from the air—burp, burrp, burrrp.

JUNIORS ATTENTION

Members of the Junior Class whose names begin with the letters from Xi to Omega, inclusive, are invited to have breakfast Sunday morning, March 29, at 7:30 at the T-House with their big sisters.

How to be
a Man-Trap
in the Cage



Helpful Hints in Biology 1. Does everybody say you're a worm when what you'd really like to be is box office? Would you settle for a Joe Corn, even without a meat grinder, if only he thought you the essence of pepper-mint? Well, unless you have the veil, look to your country air. Be sure your grooming makes you look sparky. Do your fingernails with longer-lasting Dura-Gloss nail polish. Then watch yourself become potent stuff.

Glossary: Man-trap: popular gal. In the cage: at school. Biology 1: boy problem. Worm: good student. Box office: popular. Joe Corn: not-so-eligible male. Meat Grinder: car. Essence of peppermint: glamorous. Have the veil: be a man hater. Country air: make up. Sparky: beautiful. Dura-Gloss: the nail polish for finger-nail S.A. Potent stuff: popular.

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Kippy Follows Family Tradition; Four Generations Enrolled Here

The family tree of Kippy Cocker Waddell of business office fame has been a Hollins supporter for many years now. Some of us may brag about our aunts or our mothers who went to Hollins, but Kippy has a most unusual background of which she is very proud. She's really quite smooty about it, as you can see if you try to speak to her without proper introduction. According to Kippy, "There is nothing better than a 'Family Tree'."

When queried as to her reputedly long Hollins ancestry, Kippy said, "Woof!" which, of course, means that: Long, long ago, there was great-great-grandmother Taffy Cocker. Now Taffy was not a Hollins girl, but she saw one of the Cocke-rs from Virgini-ah; so naturally she was definitely upper-stratum in the social world. Soon in Taffy's romantic life trotted a young man. This entrance of Fido brought puppy love to Taffy; and in time she begat several small Cockers named several different things by someone. Anyway, one of them was named Spotty, and with Spotty came the vibrant ambition of all of Kippy's ances-tors; for Spotty saw Hollins, and her long, curly ears trembled with excitement when she saw the business office and all of its possibilities. Perhaps she pictured the business office and a great number of little Spots, all carrying mail between their teeth, desperately guarding the doorways,

and escorting all of the Waddells, Whig-mores and Marshalls to and fro. At any rate, when Spotty begat, the heritage of all of her young 'uns was a sad, sad love for the Hollins business office.

This generation brings us down to Kippy's great-great-grandfather. This great-great-grandfather felt the sad, sad love very, very much and refused to be denied the privilege of indulging his love. So one day he padded softly but defiantly through a deep snow to the business office and sank quietly down in the middle of a doorway to supervise the day's business. Kippy's great-grandmother was raised here and was made an honorary member of the Hollins staff. Her children were active participants in the various Hollins ceremonies, such as Arbor Day, et cetera. Because of their many achievements, the Cockers are known as one of the FLV (First litters of Virginia).

All of this brings us down to the last Cocker, our own Kippy. Kippy feels the responsibility of carrying on her family tradition, and because of her fine service, has been given the honor of being the only person on campus who is privileged to walk on the sacred—uh—grass of the Hollins quadrangle. Now Hollins waits with baited breath for the time when Kippy will register a young 'un for future Hollins enrollment.

Ode to Shucks . . .

FROM THE FRESHMICE

Shucks, with the hair the color of corn,
Shucks, with the brow so pure,
Shucks, whom we wake at 6 in the morn,
Shucks, our second floor Fuhrer . . .
We praise you, Shucks,
We raise you, Shucks,
To the Freshman's Hall of Fame;
We plague you, Shucks,
We borrow your Lux,
Who else has better claim?
Shucks, you're a god of patience and tact.
Shucks, you are peaches and cream.
Shucks, you're the best in fiction or fact.
Oh shucks, Shucks, you know what we mean.

B. J. J. J. J. J.
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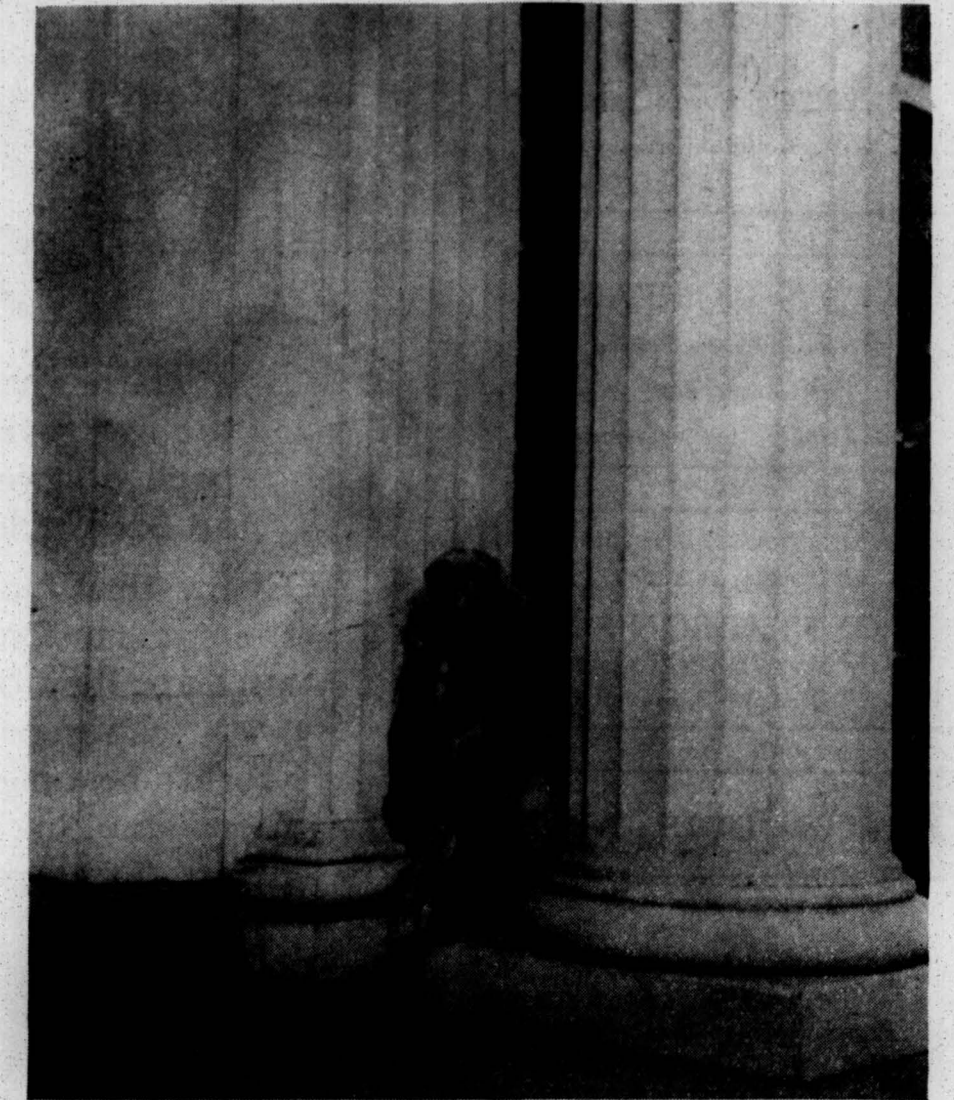
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Heironimus Says

By MUFFY SICARD

I hope you all got to the Fashion Show last Friday. If you did, you undoubtedly picked up some valuable and clever hints about clothes to be worn for the duration. If you didn't—and I trust there were very few of you who didn't—here's the idea in a nutshell: Morale is a Woman's business (how much you'll hear that phrase!), Beauty is your duty (something to keep in mind), and Color is the badge of courage. To illustrate these ideas, Hollins girls, and young mothers and their children modeled outfits that were definitely more practical, lovely, and colorful than ever before. Suits, silks, and play outfits—for we'll always have those—were every one of these—plus serviceable, with a capital S.

Now a few tidbits in general. Remember that accessories are brighter than ever, that buying, from "dainties" on up, will be with an eye to wear, and that you must work for returns in years of service.

For you girls who are watching your budgets, and want to perk up your last year's suits, here's a P. S. Try changing your appearance with a gay pin or clip, frilly blouse, or some macaroni around your neck (it's light as a feather, inexpensive, and comes in all colors) to give you a new look—and outlook.

To you knitters: Heironimus has wool in all colors, plus needles, on the third floor. And while you're up there, peek at the cute cotton dresses—popular and inexpensive as always—and as American as defense stamps!

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ON THE NATION'S FRONT

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Martha Washington

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AND DON'T CHAFFER ITSELF?

Jeff: "This is silly because if I knew 'why,' I'd tell you. However, Webster says, 'For what cause, reason, or purpose, on what account.' Silly, isn't it? And I still don't know why."

Pam: "Because either I'm drafted or I'm not drafted. If I'm not drafted I needn't worry, but if I am, I will be either sent to the front line or I won't. If I am not, I needn't worry. But if I do, I'll either go to heaven or I won't. If I go to heaven I needn't worry, but if I don't, I can't do anything about it, anyway, so that's why!"

Subject: Why?

LAVNA: Why are you asking me this silly question?

BERK: Why are you asking me this, Silly?

ZOLTY: Why are you asking me this?

HAZEL: Why are you asking?

PEACOCK: Why are you?

McGRAW: Why?

POTTER: Because everything's relative, that's why.

DODI: It ain't the 'oop' and the 'oping over 'igh 'edges as 'erts the 'orses 'oofs, but the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'ighway.

ALICE ANN: Good morning. It's a nice morning this morning. If it's as nice a morning in the morning, it'll be a nice morning in the morning.

B. A.: Would that I were a peach blossom, floating down the stream?

PUGHIE: "Dear Godmother, I hope she bruises easy."

REVEREND: Why? Because if it is, it is, but if it's not, so why worry, because even if it is, it may not be later, so it doesn't make any difference why anyhow.

CENSORED!!